

habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become stillness.—Emerson.

Anarchy

In a state of anarchy power is the measure of right.—Lucan.

Anarchy is the sure consequence of tyranny; for no power that is not limited by laws can ever be protected by them.—Milton.

The choking, sweltering, deadly, and killing rule of no rule; the consecration of cupidity and braying of folly, and dim stupidity and baseness, in most of the affairs of men. Slopshirts attainable three-halfpence cheaper by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls.—Carlyle.

Bad as any government may be, it is seldom worse than anarchy.—Esop.

Anatomy

It is shameful for man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and advances his application of his own powers.—Melancthon.

Ancestry

By blood a king, in heart a clown.—Tennyson.

Blood is stronger than pasture.—George Eliot.

Some men by ancestry are only the shadow of a mighty name.—Lucan.

He who boasts of his lineage boasts of that which does not properly belong to him.—Seneca.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.—Sir P. Sidney.

Pride, in boasting of family antiquity, makes duration stand for merit.—Zimmermann.

People will not look forward to pos-

terity, who never look backward to their ancestors.—Bucke.

He who boasts of his descent, praises the deeds of another.—Seneca.

What is birth to a man if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?—Sir P. Sidney.

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues of noble races are hereditary; and do derive themselves from the imitation of virtuous ancestors.—Nabb.

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—Seneca.

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit.—Horace.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato,—the only good belonging to him is underground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

Great families of yesterday we show, And looms whose parent were the Lord knows who.—Daniel De Foe.

From yon blue heaven above us bent, the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.—Tennyson.

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a chatting acquaintance with.—Sheridan.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?—Walter Scott.

When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with real, and becomes real too.—Jane Greville.

It is better to be the builder of our own name than to be indebted by descent for the protracted gifts known to the books of heraldry.—Hosea Ballou.

"He has traced his family tree back to the time when they lived in it!"

He that boasts of his ancestors, the founders and raisers of a family, doth confess that he hath less virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

The pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most dimsy foundation.—Colton.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge, Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.—Young.

Pedigrees seldom improve by age; the grandson is too often a weak infringement on the grandsire's patent.—H. W. Shaw.

If it is fortunate to be of noble ancestry, it is not less so to be such as that people do not care to be informed whether you are noble or ignoble.—Bruyère.

It is a shame for a man to desire honor because of his noble progenitors, and not to deserve it by his own virtue.—St. Chrysostom.

Nobility of birth is like a cipher; it has no power in itself, like wealth or talent; but it tells with all the power of a cipher when added to either of the other two.—J. F. Boyes.

We are very fond of some families because they can be traced beyond the Conquest, whereas indeed the farther back, the worse, as being the nearer allied to a race of robbers and thieves.—De Foe.

The happiest lot for a man as far as birth is concerned, is that it should be such as to give him but little occasion to think much about it.—Whately.

I am one who finds within me a nobility that spurns the idle pratings of the great, and their mean boasts of what their fathers were, while they themselves are fools effeminate.—Percival.

Birth and ancestry, and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own.—Ovid.

Some decent, reasonable pre-eminence, some preference (not exclusive appropriation) given to birth, is neither unnatural nor unjust nor impolitic.—Burke.

Those who depend on the merits of their ancestors may be said to search in the roots of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce.—Barrow.

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.—Cleveland.

I have no urns, no dusty monuments; No broken images of ancestors, Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tales Of long descents, to boast false honors from.—Ben Jonson.

It is a revered thing to see an ancient castle not in decay; how much more to behold an ancient family which have stood against the waves and weathers of time.—Bacon.

High birth is a thing which I never knew any one to disparage except those who had it not; and I never knew any one to make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of.—Bishop Warburton.

The origin of all mankind was the same; it is only a clear and good conscience that makes a man noble, for that is derived from heaven itself.—Seneca.

I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fate.—General Skobelev.

It has long seemed to me that it would be more honorable to our ancestors to praise them in words less, but in deeds to imitate them more.—Horace Mann.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince, and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.—Addison.

Pride of origin, whether high or low, springs from the same principle in human nature; one is but the positive, the other the negative, pole of a single weakness.—Lowell.

People who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.—Macaulay.

The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queene," as the most priceless jewel of their coronet.—Gibbon.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.—Colton.

Of all vanities of fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—Burton.

The generality of princes, if they were stripped of their purple and cast naked on the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity.—Gibbon.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—Sallust.

Let him speak of his own deeds, and not of those of his forefathers. High birth is mere accident, and not virtue; for if reason had controlled birth, and given empire only to the worthy, perhaps Arbaces would have been Xerxes, and Xerxes Arbaces.—Metastasio.

Those who have nothing else to recommend them to the respect of others but only their blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and

vapor, and you are sure to hear of their families and relations every third word.—Charron.

Being well satisfied that, for a man who thinks himself to be somebody, there is nothing more disgraceful than to hold himself up as honored, not on his own account, but for the sake of his forefathers. Yet hereditary honors are a noble and splendid treasure to descendants.—Plato.

He that boasts of his ancestors confesses that he has no virtue of his own. No person ever lived for our honor; nor ought that to be reputed ours, which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man to know that his parents had good eyes? Does he see one whit the better?—Charron.

Though you be sprung in direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you disgrace are so many witnesses against you; and this grand display of their tarnished glory but serves to make your ignominy more evident.—Boileau.

In the founders of great families titles or attributes of honor are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in their descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination will continue, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.—Addison.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate; and there are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face.—Junius.

It is only shallow and affected pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in